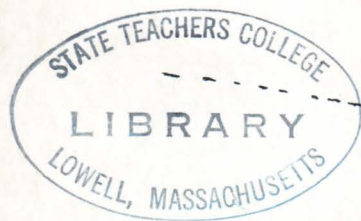


LOWELL TEACHERS COLLEGE
DECEMBER 1954



PEGASUS



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Foreword

According to Greek Mythology, when Medusa was slain by Perseus there sprang from her body the winged horse, PEGASUS, an untamed steed free of spirit and bursting with youthful creativity, limitless of space. It was at this time that Bellerophon, a mythical hero of Greece, caught and tamed the flighty stallion with a golden bridle which was given him by the goddess Athena. It is said that a blow from the hoof of PEGASUS once resulted in the springing forth of the sacred spring, Hoppocrene, on the mountain of Muses. Because of this gift, which was literally, the unleashing of poetry, PEGASUS has come to be regarded as the Poet's steed.

Sixty years ago the doors of The State Teachers College at Lowell opened as did once the Hippocrene spring, and entering its halls, within the students, was the spirit and youthfulness of the great winged steed, here to be tamed by the Bellerophon of the day. And so too, do we, the staff of this first edition of PEGASUS, hope to open the doors of creativity which long have wrestled within the souls of our student body, as did the spirit of PEGASUS in the body of Medusa.

THIS IS YOUR MAGAZINE. Suggestions and materials from you are no less than a necessity for its success. Long after this creative writing club has gone, bigger and better PEGASUS will be going to press. This is merely the beginning. Let us strive to make this magazine a concrete example of the potion of spirit and creativity that brews amidst the turmoil of our classrooms - - our first PEGASUS.

Robert J. Sinibaldi



To Fight Fair

The sound of the single shot brought Jim Fredericks from his barbershop, leaving the Mayor of Twin Maples half shaven.

"What happened?" he called to someone racing by him.

"Sheriff Finn just shot a guy tryin' to rob the bank. Kinda looks like he's dead, from here."

"Yeah," was Jim's excited reply. There had not been a shooting since the town had been cleaned out by the German immigrant. "Wonder who it is, or was."

By the time they reached the prone figure, most of the townspeople had already gathered. Sheriff Tom Finn, gun still smoking in his hand, was standing over the body.

"What happened, Sheriff?" someone asked.

"Saw this guy backin' out of the bank with that there bag. Yelled at him to stop, and he pulled a gun. There it is over there. Poor fellow, never had a chance to use it either."

"Shoulda known better than to try to outshoot you, Tom," murmured Jim Fredericks. "Let's see who it is."

Sheriff Finn and the barber rolled the still form over on its back, and the gathered crowd gasped, as one man. Even in death, the dust covered face of Gerry Engles was familiar to the people of that small town.

"Holy Jasper," breathed Jim. "You shot the Engles kid, Tom. You killed Gerhardt Engles' pride and joy."

Silence hung like fear over the crowd. Each one among them was thinking the same thoughts. Who was going to tell Gerhardt Engles that his son was shot and killed trying to rob the bank, and what would Gerhardt do about it. Every citizen of Twin Maples knew Gerhardt Engles. They knew his sternness, and they knew his fairness. They knew his feelings toward gunplay, and they knew his great love for his son, his only son. They knew also that Engles had not used his gun since Tom Finn had replaced him as sheriff. Some remembered Engles when he first settled on the outskirts of the town, but all knew the legend of how he cleaned the town of the crooked gamblers and thieves, first by order, then by bullet.

He first set foot into their robber-rampant town on a rainy Sunday morning, in the fall of 1849. They had seen him, standing straight and tall between the two maple trees that grew, as if by play, at the head of Main Street. He had no possessions, save what he wore, and he was young, and tall, and strong. He was bold, too. Parson Evans would vouch for that fact. He had been putting on his preaching robe in the rear of the church, before preaching the regular Sunday sermon. He never heard the man enter, but, when he turned around, Gerhardt Engles, water dripping from his clothes, was standing before him. The parson couldn't speak. He was trying to say a prayer before he died. Engles, face stoic, one hand on his gun, spoke flatly and quietly.

"I am Gerhardt Engles. I want only three things. To join your church, to make friends with your people and to own that spread of land a mile yonder from the twin maples."

Parson Evans, as he himself will tell you, was scared. When he finally found his voice, it quivered when he spoke.

"Why are you here? We don't want you. We have enough bad men in our town. I suggest you leave here before I call the sheriff."

Engles looked hard at the small man standing facing him.

"If I wished, I could kill you with these hands before your mouth was fully open. I am an honest man, Parson. I have traveled far and often. Now I wish to stop my wandering. I wish to settle here. The land on the road into town will make my home. And I know you have no sheriff here. Begin your service. Your people are waiting for you."

The parson moved mechanically out to face his congregation, Gerhardt Engles right behind him.

"My friends," he began, but he could not preach with this giant standing so close behind him. So Parson Evans told his congregation who the stranger was, and what he wished. The church was filled with a buzz of conversation, and Gerhardt Engles stepped from behind the preacher, bowed his head at the people, and sat himself down in the first pew, beside the Mayor and his wife and daughter.

Somehow, Parson Evans managed to give his sermon. When he had finished, Gerhardt Engles rose from his seat, and, facing the good people of Twin Maples, asked in his flat, clear voice, "Who owns the land a mile down the road, just out of town?"

"Why, thats my land," Jim Fredericks answered.

"And who are you?" asked Engles.

"Why, I'm the best barber in this here town."

"He's the only barber in this here town," someone said.

Everyone, except Engles, laughed. He spoke above their laughter. "I wish to own that land. I will buy it from you. How much do you want for it?"

"Wa-a-ll," replied Fredericks. "I wasn't exactly thinking of selling the land. Figgered I might build me a little farm there when I'm too old to strap my razor. But—if ya really aim to settle down here, reckon we can make a price. Only, I think ya should know about this here town, afore ya make up ya mind to stay. It ain't what it used to be. Used to be a nice little town, but that Barnes feller more or less took it over. Runs it the way he wants, him and his crooked friends. It's overrun with all the scum that kin possibly git here. Lotta the good folks are gettin' ready to move out. Aint a fit place to stay, no more."

Engles looked with surprise around the congregation.

"Why, theres more than a hundred men here. Why do you not run these evil men from your town? Surely, you can shoot?"

"It ain't that we can't shoot, stranger. It's just that we can't shoot fast enough to beat them fellers. They've got every-one of us scared, and they know it. There ain't nuthin' we can do about it, either. Everytime someone tries to get the townspeople organized, either his house gets burned, or his crops ruined. Tom Finn here tried to get us to stand up to them about six months ago. His house was burned down the next day, and his wife and daughter burnt with it. No, feller, there ain't nuthin' we kin do, 'cept leave."

Engles spoke quietly, and without emotion. "I have no house, no crops and no wife. They do not scare me, for I do not know them, and I have drawn faster and shot quicker than any man who tried to kill me. If you want your town rid of those crooked men, I will help you. But you must also help me."

"It took Gerhardt Engles two months to clean up Twin Maples. He appointed himself Sheriff of the town before he left church that Sunday. He went home with the barber, dried his clothes and ate a breakfast that would have fed

Jim Fredericks for a week. When he had finished, he said to Fredericks, "Where will I find the crooked men in this town?"

"Wa-a-ll, reckon you might find some of 'em down at the saloon. Andy Barnes always stays around there. Has to keep his gun cocked at his own men, so's they won't start killing each other off. Too bad they wouldn't kill each other. Be a lot better for the town."

"I will be back soon." Gerhardt rose to leave. "I am going to tell Mr. Barnes to get out of MY town." He smiled slightly, and Jim Fredericks noticed that he was very young and very brave. He told Engles that, and added, "You'll also be very dead if you try to tell Barnes to leave this town."

Engles spoke. "I am twenty-two, I am not brave, for I fear God. I do not think I will die today. Good-bye, my friend." And he walked out of Jim's house and down Main Street, toward the saloon, and Andy Barnes.

No one knows exactly what happened when Gerhardt Engles told Barnes to leave town. They do know that Barnes' body was carried from the saloon and out of Twin Maples. That was Engles promise. He never moved for his gun first, but no man ever beat him to the draw. And every man he shot was armed. He would not even aim at an unarmed man. His huge, powerful hands could break almost any man in two. "It is as dishonest to fight unfairly as it is to steal or kill," he told his friends.

By the time spring visited Twin Maples, the town was quiet and peaceful. Gerhardt Engles, with the help of the townspeople, had rid it of its infestation, and had retired to build his house. He would accept help from no one, and he paid for everything he needed. As sheriff, he lived in the jail, till his house was finished. By Christmas, it was completed and he moved into it,

alone, as when he first came to Twin Maples. He would not, at first, accept Jim's invitation to join his family for Christmas dinner, but finally relented. When the dinner was finished, he asked, "Why does Twin Maples not have a school?"

"Why we never thought about that, Gerhardt. Guess we just figgered on teaching the kids at home, like always. But if ya want to, you kin teach 'em for us."

"I can neither read nor write," answered Gerhardt. "But I must learn. Is there someone here who can teach me?"

This surprised those present, for they believed that Gerhardt Engles could do anything and everything.

Jim answered him. "Well, there's the mayor's daughter. She kin read and write about the best of us. Whyn't ya ask her at meetin' next Sunday."

And Gerhardt Engles did ask Lydia Ames to teach him to read and write, and two months later, he asked her to marry him. No one will ever forget his magnificent proposal. He simply stood up at the end of the Sunday service and informed the congregation that he wished to marry the Mayor's daughter. He looked tenderly at Lydia for a brief moment, then his face again recovered the stoic, bland look that was synonymous with Gerhardt Engles.

"I have not much money, and my house is still crude, but I will have a good crop this fall, and I will make you a good husband."

"And I will marry you," laughed Lydia.

They were married soon after by Parson Evans, and before they left for his house, Gerhardt turned to Tom Finn and handed him the tin badge he had vested himself with on his first day in Twin Maples. "You will be the sheriff, Tom. I must look after my wife. You know how important law and order is.

You know how cruel the wicked can be. Never shoot a man unless he has the chance to shoot at you, and never shoot a man in the back, for if he is running away, he is not a man."

Tom accepted the badge silently, and the townsfolk agreed that he would make a good sheriff. He was not as young, or as strong as Engles, nor as quick on the draw. But he was brave, and a fast shooter, and he was honest. He would make a good sheriff.

Gerhardt and Lydia had been married two years before the first child came. A beautiful girl, almost as beautiful as Lydia. The farm prospered over the years, and the Engles family grew in number. Three girls. Gerhardt wanted a son, very badly. He loved his daughters, but he was afraid of them. They were fragile, and gentle, and Gerhardt was a rough giant. He could be gentle only with Lydia. Somehow, he could not love his daughters as he loved his wife, and, oh, how he wanted a son. He would pray aloud in the church for God to bless him with a son, and soon all the town joined him in his prayer. Though they still were awed by him, they loved him, and wanted him to be happy.

They felt that if God granted him a son, Gerhardt would be repayed for making their town what it was now. And the Lord must have smiled down at the people of Twin Maples, for in the fall of 1859, exactly one decade after Gerhardt Engles walked into town, Lydia presented him with a son. A fine, healthy son, and he was, at last, at peace with the world. He worshipped his son, taught him everything he himself knew, and young Gerry grew up shrouded with the love of a man worshipped by all who knew him. They would no more hurt his son than they would Gerhardt himself. And here that son was lying dead.

Some of them remembered the time Gerry got into a fight with Jackie Mallon, the son of the saloon keeper. Jackie

was older, and bigger, than Gerry, and he really didn't want to fight, but Gerry insisted, and Gerhardt's son wound up with the worst end of the tussle. Gerhardt himself strode into the saloon one hour after the fight. "Your son is older and stronger than my son. It was not a fair fight. If it happens again, I will not harm either you or your son, but you will not stay in Twin Maples."

Now, with these thoughts prevalent in everyone's mind, Gerry Engles lay dead, and he had not even reached his 17th year of life.

"Who's goin' ta tell Gerhardt," someone asked.

"Don't have to tell him," Jim whispered. "Here he comes."

They turned, and looked toward the Twin Maples. There, standing between them, not as tall, but straighter somehow, and looking stronger, was Gerhardt Engles, one hand on his gun. He walked towards them slowly, deliberately. Breathing was heavy among the people, and no one dared speak, for fear the broken silence would prove fatal. Sheriff Finn tried to stand straight, but his shoulders would not obey his impulse. Some of the life had left him, and he felt sick in his stomach. He offered a silent prayer, and prepared himself to meet Gerhardt Engles, the Giant of Twin Maples, face to face.

Engles walked slowly toward the unmoving form, staring open-eyed at the hot noon-day sun, a small round hole in his chest.

"They said it was my son", he spoke without feeling and stared for a long moment at the body.

"Yes, that is my son. You shot him, Tom? You killed my son?"

It was difficult for Tom Finn to answer this man, this giant, this hero of all the people.

"Yes—I shot your son. He tried to rob the bank. I'm—I'm sorry, Engles."

Gerhardt spoke again. "That is his gun. I recognize it." His hand was still on his own.

"Yes," Tom said.

"He drew it? To shoot at you?"

"He drew it, Engles."

"Then it was a fair fight. I too am sorry, Tom. I am sorry you had to kill

my son, but I am more sorry that my son had to be killed. Will you send the body to my house? I would like to make arrangements with Parson Evans for the funeral."

That was the only time anyone saw Gerhardt Engles show his emotion. He could not help the burning tears that filled his eyes, as he gave his only son back to the God Who gave it to him.

FULL CIRCLE

Fresh-fallen from December skies
Snow is a lovely thing—
A scarf of white, a child's delight,
A sparkling, shining, joyous sight—
To greet the Infant king.

Too soon the sparkling magic fades;
My world is dull and gray.
Winds colder grow and bitter blow,
And ever higher piles the snow,
Long is my cheerless day.

The weary months plod slowly by,
A road without a bend,
I cannot rout a nagging doubt—
A whisper louder than a shout—
"Will winter never end?"

But on the day when things are worst
And hope an empty word—
I lift my eyes and search the skies
And suddenly I realize
My doubtful prayer was heard

Above me is a message plain,
Thus has the winter passed—
With piercing, haunting, echoing cries
Swift, dazzling flight through clear, cold skies—
My spring has come at last.

by Margaret Doyle

Release

Ellen F. Cahill

The night had a brisk coldness to greet Brian as he stepped into it from the too familiar doorstep. Was this really going to be freedom? He wondered what the complex world of people outside of his sheltered existence held in store for him.

Shannon, sweet, sure, Shannon would be at the antique desk her grand-uncle had given them for their thirteenth wedding anniversary celebration thirteen, the number surrounded by so much superstition but then he had always been the superstitious one. Shannon would laugh at such trite thought. She would spend the evening of this unannounced departure with the budget.

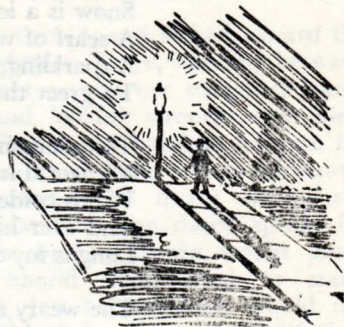
His breath blew a cloud of haze before his nose. He thought of the soft felt hat and the expensive sweater he had forgotten to put on. He could afford expensive things. His success in the past thirteen years had been all too amazing but the enchantment of the unexplored, the unknown, still held an ir- his dreams of adventure nurtured resistable fascination for him. His thoughts flew back to his days in college during those fond days had not been forgotten.

Shannon was a lovely girl who had grown into an even lovelier woman. He loved her very much she had tried so hard to understand his dreams. To Shannon, an executive position in her father's import business offered as many opportunities as explorations in strange mysterious countries or studies of the vast universe could ever hold. Shannon had complained, "How could I ever leave my friends? You'll be president someday, anyhow." She would have her friends to care for her now. They were nice conservative people, and money

had never been a problem for Shannon, even though she did budget it with scrupulous care.

Brian fingered the two one-hundred dollar bills in his pocket . . . that was all he had taken from their joint account at the bank. It was just enough to get him away, far enough away to find romance. His pace quickened, in his mind he was moving more quickly towards his destiny a ship sailing for a distant port of intrigue a mountain so close to the sky that one could touch stars that couldn't even be seen from the "depths" of the city.

Romance, that wonderous word so misused in this modern society, so general a term in the minds of average people, was the one word more import-



ant than any other to Brian. He understood ROMANCE. Shannon was romance to Brian but even through these thirteen long years, she had never reached out to find the meaning that Brian had for this. She couldn't complete the picture for him. Her mother had called him a dreamer. Was she right? Shannon had defended him at the time by saying, "I wish you wouldn't say that, Mother. Brian isn't a dreamer. He just enjoys life more than the usual person." Brian knew that Shannon was aware that there was something she did not share with him. Perhaps someday he would write or come back and tell her what it was that she had missed in his personality No, he would never come back Perhaps a letter.

Brian had been walking for over an hour now but his thoughts had been so far ahead of him that he hadn't even noticed the blocks or the time passing. Suddenly it pushed into his mind that he was wasting time, but he was enjoying his reverie so that he relapsed into all-absorbing thought again.

Distance was the enchantment that Brian was seeking tonight. He would never have to be polite to his in-laws again. He would never have to listen to George Dawson's jokes (he became such a bore at times) or take care of Jean Dawson's miniature black poodle, Fifi. HE would be a success, at least in his own eyes. His thirteen year old dreams had to come true now.

Distance was the golden door to Brian But what of Shannon? She was the careful, the practical, the devoted. She was always there for him to depend upon, never really domineering, but always ready with a suggestion of a better way of doing something, should he ask for it. She was the perfect hostess, and enjoyed being so. She was graceful, more than any other woman he had ever seen. She dressed beautifully and wore clothes well. She was thoughtful cooking and dressing even to suit

his moods and she was so affectionate. She had so regretted the absence of children in their home. She was never demanding, but always contented perhaps that was why she failed to understand her husband's "wanderlust."

But Brian had made up his mind . . . He walked straight into the bustle of the airlines office even before the realization of where he was, registered in his mind. He stopped for coffee at the airport lunch bar after buying a New York newspaper. Automatically he creamed and sweetened the coffee and just as automatically he opened the paper to the financial page and read that the stock in which he had recently invested, had risen two points.

Finally he walked over to the ticket office, and spoke to the attractive young girl on duty. She lived a few houses away from him, but it was a moment before he recognized her in uniform.

"Are you going on a trip, Mr. . . . ?"

"Why, Hello, Susan. Yes, I'm planning a trip to the Continent. Europe is lovely in the spring. My wife has never been there. This is to be our second honeymoon."

OH! THAT ALL THE WORLD'S CRUTCHES

Oh! That all the world's crutches could be seen
That all were made to straight the bent,
To help, not hinder; secure, not break the man.

And yet how many fools doth know this truth?
All slaves of Hades shall they be
For, God wants not their shirking tread
To mar the wealth of Heaven's bars.

by Robert Sinibaldi

A Dogs Life

Margaret Doyle

Here is a picture familiar to everyone—the American family. Evidently they have finished dinner and now they are seated in front of an open fire—Dad with his slippers, pipe, and the evening paper, Mother with her book. Over at the table, Junior is doing his homework. Stretched out on a rug, basking in the warmth of the fire, is good old Rover.

It presents a lovely picture, doesn't it—the storm without, the warm, cozy room within. Such a happy family group—and such a lucky dog, to be in this home, with nothing to do but eat and sleep and —

"Lucky dog, am I! Let me tell you a few things about this wonderful life I lead. Hearthrugs! Ha! I'd be perfectly happy out in the kitchen under the stove, where I could gnaw my bone in peace. But no! He read "Snowbound"—you know, the part about the house-dog and the fire and so on—so now I have to lie here, practically in the fire. My whiskers are all but singed off. My system tells me it's winter, and winter is the time when I grow a nice warm coat. I'm not prepared for an excursion into the torrid zone.

"And no bone, of course! I brought one in just once—my, what an explosion that caused! She threw it out the window, and I thought for a minute that I was going to sail out after it. Now I have a strictly balanced diet—it comes in a can and is just chock-full of vitamins and minerals and chlorophyll and what have you—but no meat! I understand it's very expensive, — it's also about as appetizing as mattress stuffing. When I think of the lovely bones I used to have, the table scraps, the —

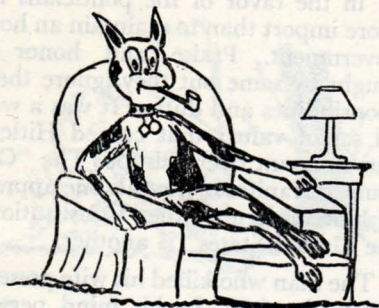
"I'll go to sleep. I *will* go to sleep. I will GO TO SLEEP. Then I can at

least dream about food. Concentrate, old boy. Forget the logs going "snap, crackle and pop" in your ear. Forget the heat. Just concentrate on getting to sleep. It's getting darker, darker — I'm falling through space — OUCH! That blasted spark! Right on the nose! (Did you notice how refined I was about that spark? We're so cultured in this family that I can't even swear any more—not even to myself.) Well, that does it. I'm leaving. I don't care if I do upset his picture of the Family on a Winter's Eve. Kitchen ho!

"I wish you could have seen us in the good old days. Oh, the apartment wasn't so nice, nor the "location," but the people were nicer. They used to pat me and give me things to eat—not treat me as though I were a leper or a rabid dog running around looking for people to bite. The children in this "better part of town" are quite different—to use a classic understatement. I haven't been so sore since I was hit by a car at the age of three. Poor little animals—they're bossed around all day and they just ache to take it out on someone—usually me. Getting myself downstairs and up again without at least three kicks, two bear-hugs and a flying tackle in the hall is comparable to Hannibal crossing the Alps.

"How did we come to move here? Well, to make a long story longer, he got a better job—an excellent one, in fact. Moved him into an upper bracket, it did. And of course, the old neighborhood was a little—er—well, you know. So we moved uptown to this place—a better location, a maid for the house, a Cadillac for him, a mink coat for her, prep school for Junior, and a lot of unhappiness for everybody concerned.

"Seems as though they can't even stand to be alone with each other any more. Of course they don't have much opportunity—she belongs to about eight clubs—Bridge, League of This, Committee of That—she's a real joiner. And since he got this new position (job, it



seems, is a vulgar word), he has all sorts of evening conferences, and so forth. Lately, though, he's been on this culture kick—reading old poems and orating about the sacredness of family life. That won't last long, though. She told him that if he didn't stop quoting Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and John Greenleaf Whittier, she was going to scream, and *scream*, and SCREAM. He said, didn't she have any feeling whatsoever. Here he was, giving up his evenings to bring a little culture into his home, reading from the beloved poets of his boyhood, and was nothing sacred anymore. She said, he had fair warning, and if he wasn't careful, she would not only scream, but she would throw things. The situation was rapidly pro-

gressing into a good clear-the-air sort of fight when they both remembered it wasn't genteel to raise one's voice in an argument. Ice was forming on the windows as I left the room.

"I feel sorry for all of us, but especially for Junior! Poor kid—he's going to run away pretty soon, he says, and always adds—and then they'll be sorry. He's taking me with him, because I'm the only one that he loves. He usually tells me this when he's in bed and I'm lying on top of his feet. Oh, I'm not supposed to be in there—nice people just don't allow dogs in their bedrooms. But after all, he has to talk to somebody. He's usually a big brave man, making all these plans. He's really just trying to keep up his courage. And then when he hears them go to bed—she to her room, and he to his—Junior is just a little boy with nobody to say goodnight to him. So I have my paws full, trying to comfort him . . . and finally he cries himself to sleep — cries because he has all the better things in life — all the advantages — and nobody comes in to say goodnight.

" 'It's a dog's life,' they say. What do you think?"

LIVE AGAIN

When those who loved are mocking, and the ones
 Who love are still hurt;
 Their hearts hollowed into shells,
 The moment of salvation lies
 In the fact that all is dust.
 The one who lives only for himself
 Will find that life is full
 And love is just a word
 That fools believe exists. Derision and laughter
 Are powerful weapons; laugh at lovers,
 Never with them. Kill your memories,
 For they become unbearable
 And break the barrier.

by Joan Mullen

The Impact of Values

J. Mallon

"MAN KILLS WIFE FOR FREEDOM"

"COUPLE INDICTED ON NEGLECT CHARGES. CHILDREN IN HOSPITAL"

These news captions are not uncommon, yet each and every one of these accounts causes the reader to wonder—Why? What kind of people must they be? What thoughts must they have? By what motivation must they be compelled?

There is no "one" type; no "one" thought; no "one" motivation present;—each individual has his own set of values. These values differ from person to person. Everyone has something which is dearer to him than all else; the same something which may be scorned by another. Perhaps you have a trinket which you prize more than you would the crown jewels. Someone else, looking at the trinket, would not give it but a passing glance. Because of sentiment this triviality is of value to you.

Values are intrinsic and personal. (They are yours through experience and environment). They cannot be forced upon you. There is no ideal set of value, as each and every situation calls for a different appraisal.

Some people set more store by monetary prestige than human respect. To

be in the favor of the politicians is of more import than to maintain an honest government. Praise and honor are sought by some but they ignore the responsibilities and duties. It was a warped set of values that caused Hitler to run rampant over Europe. The "Communist Manifesto" reveals one appraisal of human dignity; the "Constitution of the United States" is another.

The man who killed his wife possessed a set of values. In his mind personal "freedom" was of more significance than the extinction of a human life. The parents of the neglected children felt that their own material existence was greater than the responsibilities of parenthood.

This weighing one thing against another is practically a continuous process. These appraisals influence your wearing rubbers as against becoming ill; leaving early as against being late; going out as against obtaining rest; watching television as against reading books; buying a suit as against saving money. Values motivate your being a student rather than a laborer; becoming a teacher rather than a shipping clerk; voting Democrat rather than Republican; being an American rather than a Communist; believing in God rather than yourself.

"From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same . . .," your life is but the reflection of your values.

ACROSS THE GROVE

Across the grove, across the grove,
Fair-haired alone she strove
To change a man to change his God.

A sudden cry, a desperate sob,
She turned, recrossed the grove,
Behold! A man was changed!

by Robert Sinibaldi



Leaves

Joan C. Sullivan

The November sun lighted Sarah's dark room as she prepared to dress for dinner. What would she wear this evening . . . her beige lace, her black silk, or the original Paris Creation which had always seemed to do so much for her? As she tried to decide on one of these, she absently gazed out of the small window which opened on to a quiet suburban street. Across the road, Mr. Rogers was burning leaves, assisted by his three boisterous, young sons; their happy, laughing faces, colored by the dancing red-orange flames. From the rambling, colonial house behind them, came Mrs. Rogers, her blond hair blowing in the crisp, fall breeze. Heading toward the station wagon in the driveway, she paused momentarily to ask if any of the boys would like to accompany her to the "A and P." Since they were so engrossed in what they were doing, all three shook their heads and went back to jumping and playing in the autumn-hued leaves. She then climbed into the car and drove away, waving gaily as she passed in front of her busy family.

The car going by abruptly brought Sarah's thoughts back into her own drab room. Fingering the dull beads about her neck, she glanced into the small rectangular closet and quickly selected the "Paris Creation." It does do wonders for me, she thought, as she stood stiffly in front of the inadequate mirror, holding the pink taffeta dress

awkwardly in front of her spare frame. After placing the dress gingerly on the bed, she slowly removed the brown jersey dress she was wearing, hung it neatly in place in the closet, and shut the door emphatically and with finality. She then walked over to a small marble-topped dressing table, seated herself primly in a high-backed chair, and looked fixedly into the small oval glass. Immediately noticing the beads, still encircling her long neck and looking as though they were a permanent fixture, she removed them with a quick motion of her wrist and swiftly stuffed them into one of two narrow drawers in the dresser.

The look on her face now changed to one of surreptitious delight as she opened the other drawer and extracted a large, red-velvet box, outlined with shiny diamond-like jewels. As she placed it carefully on top, she suddenly became aware of the growing dimness in the room, and hastily lighted the twin Victorian lamps placed evenly on the dresser, as if she were afraid to let the room grow any darker.

Sarah then opened the gaudy box and methodically removed all its splendid contents, boldly arranging them in a semi-circle before her. With decision, she emptied the contents of the gold lame cosmetic case and bravely applied the pink tinted powder and blue-red lipstick. As a final touch, she outlined her eyebrows with an artificial arch, making her face gay and adventure-some. After selecting several strands of brightly colored, sparkling beads and a pair of gold hoop earrings, she walked resolutely to the bed, put on the shimmering dress, and stood before the mirror caressing its voluminous skirt.

The sound of the doorbell echoing through the dingy halls pierced the stillness of the melancholy house, and brought Sarah, who had been raptly staring at her glorious image in the mirror, to attention. As a warm flush enveloped her bony face, she reached for her satin evening bag and strode ma-

jestically down the staircase to the dismal hall below.

A moment of indecision overcame her, but reassuring herself with the beautiful memory of her reflection in the upstairs mirror, she fearlessly approached the door with unbound anticipation.

Standing on the threshold, his boyish enthusiasm, curbed by his natural trepidation upon seeing the strange and fabled Miss Baker so garishly dressed, was Peter, the oldest of the Rogers boys. Sarah's mysterious smile as she opened the door, had stunned him for a moment, so accustomed was he to her usual stern and morose visage. Thrusting a yellowed booklet into her hands,

he hurriedly murmured something about finding it in a pile of leaves and discovering her name on it, quickly excused himself and ran down the weed-covered path into the obscurity of the dark night.

Sarah mutely watched him as he crossed to the lighted house beyond, and then her gaze shifted to the once-burning leaves, now a heap of gray dead ashes. She looked down from her tawdy costume to the black shoes she had forgotten to remove, slowly closed the door, soberly made her way to the plain kitchen, and prepared herself another solitary meal.

REVELATION

With a mixture of fright,
And of joyous delight,
My heart was ensnackled, yet free!
For just moments before
Time had thrown back her door
And had given a vision to me.

'Twas a beautiful night
Filled with pale yellow light,
And I saw them - - as kneeling they prayed,
And the joy in her eyes
Outshone stars in the skies
When on pillows of straw He was laid.

As I heard angels sing,
And each shepherd and king
Laid a gift, and a heart at His Feet,
I beheld in His Eyes
That were knowing and wise,
A Great Love, that was burning, yet sweet.

Then I gazed at the sky
And 'twas then I knew why
In all knowledge, sweet joy is a loss,
For two stars shooting by
In their paths through the sky
Left their mark in the form of a cross.

by Rita James

Home To The Soldier

Edward Reynolds

Ever since the fall of Poland in September of 1939, the German armies had been victorious. It seemed as if the Nazi soldier was invincible, for wherever he went he conquered. Pick a country like Luxemburg about to be consumed by the Wermacht. First would come the Luftwaffe, Hitler's elite air force, raining destruction on cities and striking terror into the hearts of people; later would come paratroopers, intensely trained in sabotage and guerilla warfare. Skillfully employing murder and arson, these shock troops would set the stage for the formal invasion by swift moving motorized panzer divisions. Finally, after any semblance of resistance had been smashed, would come the hated occupation. Then, with ugly swastikas flying atop blackened buildings, it would be gloatingly announced by radio Berlin that one more democracy had been crushed beneath the German boot.

Morale in the German army was at its peak — and why not with so much glory already achieved and more to follow. Anything but victory was impossible, for had not Hitler said so? Yes, he had said so, but after 1943 the impossible began to happen. America—industrial giant, population giant, and giant of democracy—had entered the war and was turning the tide.

The Nazi steamroller was running out of gas while the allies, given renewed vigor by the arrival of their mighty friend, were just shifting into high gear. The evening of March 7, 1945, found a large U. S. task force digging in on the German side of the Rhine River near Bonn.

Rudolph Ryker, Sergeant U. S. ninth army, could not seem to get used to the damp European winter. Taking off his

helmet, he tied a scarf around his head knotting it at the chin. Next he pulled a khaki stocking cap on as tight as it would go—down to his coat collar in back and just above the eyebrows in front. Replacement of the metal helmet completed the ensemble.

Sergeant Ryker walked over near a small fire which was surrounded by five or six weary, shivering yanks. They made a place for him in the circle and he rubbed his hands together near the flames. The company comedian was attempting to boost morale. He had his hands full.

"You know," he said, "this reminds me of when I was a boy scout back in Cleveland. We used to go out on camping trips like this all the time. Everyone would sit around a campfire just like this and then the scoutmaster would start us all singing. He never knew why, but we'd always stop just before the high point in a song—just to hear his voice crack!"

Another one spoke up. "I'll never forget my old scoutmaster back in Michigan. What a bird lover he was. He loved them so much that I think God gave him about five hundred of them to fly around inside his head." By way of girl scouts the conversation got around to women.

Frankie Page, Ryker's closest buddy spoke up. "Hey Rudy, why so quiet? Ya gonna fix us up with a few frauleins when we get to Berlin? Bein' as you can speak the language we'll be sorta dependin' on ya." The others joined in as if anticipating Ryker's answer. In the moments before he spoke, Rudolph Ryker thought of something. I've been with these guys since Cherbourg nine months ago. Back there they had little to do with me because I was born in Germany, a kraut, a Nazi. But now that I've killed and killed, they accept me.

His face broke into a grin and he spoke, "So you want me to fix you up with a few frauliens, eh. Well hadn't

you better think about getting to Berlin before you go after its frauleins?"

"Aw get this guy," said a young Texan. "He thinks the war is going to last another fifty years. I'll bet you an oil well that we take Berlin next week."

"Perhaps," said Ryker, "but I am sure that the Germans will see to it that many of us never witness the fall of Berlin."

"German shmerman," came a high pitched voice from under a pile of blankets and tarpaulins near the fire. "If the krauts are only half as cold as I am, they'll be dead of pneumonia by the time we get to Berlin!"

Lieutenant Lawrence stepped into the firelight and spoke with firmness. "Don't you think its about time you men canned the bedtime stories and sacked in? Tired soldiers don't shoot straight and we've got a tough nut to crack tomorrow . . . it's a town that blocks the roadway to Bonn . . . Ludendorff."

Ludendorff, just the name of a town, a town like dozens of others that the ninth army had passed through, a place to clean up with gunfire or level with shells if necessary. At any rate, the mop up of rear guard Nazi soldiers in isolated towns was getting to be as routine as cleaning your rifle. The normal reaction of the Yanks upon hearing the Lieutenant's remarks was to give a shrug of the shoulders and hope the town was not heavily mined or too full of snipers. This they did . . . all except Sergeant Ryker. He walked away from the fire as if in a daze, for the name Ludendorff had stunned him and then had brought back memories which hadn't stirred him in sixteen years. Unconsciously he began mumbling to himself. "Ludendorff is where you were born Ryker." Incoherently he went on. "Birthday April 9, 1917; my little friend was Hans Kleinschmidt and we smashed a window in Herr Von Bulow's Camera Shop."

By now the Sergeant had reached the side of a huge army truck. He found comfort in the solitude afforded by the dark shadow the truck made and was warmer for it blocked the wind. Here and there could be heard the chatter of a machine gun and the answering crack of a rifle or the blast of a hand grenade. These were minor patrol clashes for although the Germans were in retreat on all fronts the Allied fear of a counter attack such as the one at Bastogne was ever prevalent. To Sergeant Ryker, the red glow in the sky told a different story . . . the story of a dying Germany.

Again his mind wandered back to boyhood days in Ludendorff. Even with eyes damp from tears and a lump in his throat, Ryker could not hold back a grin as Hans Kleinschmidt and the camera shop incident became more vivid in memory.

Rudolph and Hans were inseparable boyhood pals. They were both about eleven years old when one day playing ball Rudy smashed a window in one Herr Von Bulow's Camera Shop. Von Bulow was very angry at first and made the boys work all day around his shop to pay for the window. But their work was good and at the day's end Von Bulow softened up and said he would take their pictures right there as a reward. Two prints were made—one for each boy.

Then, like the first cold winter blast after summer has gone, came the news that the Rykers were going to America. Neither boy could imagine himself without the other's comradeship for as the people of Ludendorff said, "They seem as inseparable as Siamese twins."

Ryker reached for a cigarette. With considerable effort due to the layers of clothing on him, he finally got one. It was somewhat mangled and had lost a little of its tobacco. This Lucky has seen better days he thought. A flake or two of snow whirled by his nose and dis-

appeared with some smoke he had just exhaled. Far away, the machine gun continued to chatter. The answering "boom boom" of the big guns came rolling through the night like kettle drums. Somewhat closer, a shell making a great parabola through the heavens screamed earthward with the sound of a fast moving automobile trying to negotiate a sharp turn. This was the symphony of war.

An east wind whipped by the truck as Ryker thought of that last day in Ludendorff. Things were so distinct in his memory that it was as if that wind blowing from the direction of Ludendorff was cutting through that wall of time which as it grows makes us forget things past.

He remembered how little Hans came down to the railroad station to say good bye to the Rykers, but especially to Rudy. They sat a few benches away from the family. Little Hans was speaking although his eyes were filled with tears. "I can't bear to think of it, Rudy, but I will never see you again. We were such good friends and what times we had together. Do you have to go? I would so like to go with you—America must be a wonderful place." Then Rudy cried and they both tearfully agreed that nothing could be worse than two such pals as they splitting up. The train for Bremerhaven came and the Rykers got on. Amid all the well wishers, Hans appeared nearest the coach.

"Good Bye, Rudy," he called. "I will not forget you. I have the picture that old Von Bulow took of us. Do you have yours? Good Bye, good bye." He remembered little after that.

Frankie Page ambled over toward the Sergeant. Hunched against the cold, he carried his rifle in one hand and a bottle of something in the other. "Hey you self-made outcast," he said. "How about helping me to celebrate? I got a little anti-freeze here—compliments of a kraut sniper who got in my gunsights

and ziggged when he should have zagged, so let's go."

"What's to celebrate?," asked Ryker looking up from the running board of the truck for the first time since leaving the campfire.

"What's to celebrate!" gasped Frankie. "I'll tell you what's to celebrate. The Lieutenant just told me Patton just took Kassel and he's at the Elbe River. General Patch is in Bavaria and what's more, Montgomery and the British just took Bremen and all the Germans are surrendering at Hamburg. It'll all be over in a couple of days."

"That's fine," said Sergeant Ryker. "But why don't you put up that bottle and go to sleep? I'm tired of hearing about the war."

"O.K.! O.K.!" returned Frankie. "But somethings eatin' you. I can always tell." Without another word he stumbled off in the direction of the fire to get some sleep.



Alone again, Ryker's thoughts turned to tomorrow. What would his birth-place look like? Supposing he killed or hurt some of his family's old friends? He knew his mother had kept up a limited correspondence with some of them until the war started. He thought of Hans Kleinschmidt. Of course he was in the German Army. He might even be in Ludendorff. Suddenly Ryker realized what a fool he was being. He cursed himself for jumping to such unfounded conclusions. I need a slug of that stuff Frankie had thought Ryker.

However, after several unsuccessful attempts to locate the bottle, he dozed off without the benefit of alcohol.

Daybreak found the entire force moving in column form along the road to Ludendorff. The tanks went first in a V-shaped fanning out over the nearby meadows and fields.

Behind them, guns cocked for instant use walked the men. Partly in the road, but mostly along the sides of it, lay wrecked German equipment and dead soldiers. In their hasty retreat from the Rhine, they had been strafed and bombed by the R.A.F. For these men the war was over. Snow, freshly fallen during the night had softened the scene. It was almost as if mother nature was trying to cover up this ghastly scene of man's waste of life and property.

All too soon they were dangerously close to the town. At five-hundred yards the tanks stopped. They formed an arc around the road junction at the entrance to the badly damaged town. The men were fanning out now taking good positions for both offense or, heaven forbid, defense. The tanks began to move again single file directly into the main street of the town. Little by little the men inched forward. Suddenly, vicious gunfire erupted from many buildings in the street. The Yanks answered with the same.

"How many do you think are here, Rudy?" said Frankie, his voice pitched with anxiety.

"I don't know, I don't know, just keep shootin' straight when you see one," Ryker's mind was in a whirl. He had a queer almost fearful feeling running through him. Much of the town was sadly familiar despite its damage. He was back here now after fifteen years blasting at the fanatical defenders of the little town of his boyhood. Was there any other American soldier in the whole army who was doing this? The hours and the fighting dragged on. Late in the afternoon Ryker re-

ceived a message to get immediately to Lt. Lawrence's position. Lawrence and several other men were in the street floor of a gutted building.

"Glad to have you aboard," said Lawrence to Ryker as the Sergeant ducked into the position.

"What's up sir?" inquired Ryker after a hasty salute.

"Do you speak German fluently?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's good," said Lawrence. "We've two krauts trapped up in that building. They've got a bazooka so we can't use a tank against them. As you can see, that building across the street where they are commands the main drag through town. They have to be gotten out of there. Do you think you can talk them out?"

"I'll try sir," said Ryker

He stood in the protection of the doorway and called out. "I am a Sergeant in the United States Army. I speak for my superiors. They ask you to surrender now. Your cause is as hopeless as your position. Thousands before you have already given up. They are being well treated as you will be. If you stay here bombs will be dropped on you by the R.A.F. What is your answer?" During this time Lt. Lawrence, eager to see the results of his idea, had inadvertently exposed much of his body in a window. Suddenly, amid defiant shouts from the building came the crack of a rifle. Lawrence dropped with a flesh wound in the arm. At the same time the two Germans made a hopeless attempt to escape by dashing into the street to hide in another building. Instantly Ryker grabbed a fully loaded M-1 and poured eight shots at the fleeing Germans. One fell dead outright—the other lay moaning in the gutter.

"Get that wounded one," yelled Lawrence. "Find out who he is and what unit of the German army he's connected with. Then we'll know just what

lies ahead of us."

Frankie Page and Ryker were the first to arrive. They dragged the dying soldier to a relatively safe area. His helmet had fallen off and Frankie, spying a sort of wallet in it, began to look through it for an I.D. card. Using German, Ryker beckoned the enemy to speak.

"Who are you? Who is your C.O.? Speak man. You are dying, but your words can save others."

"Hey," laughed Frankie holding up a girl's picture, "this guy lived right. Look at the doll he had. Man o Man!"

"Knock it off," barked Ryker.

Look at this one. Musta' been his kids. One of em looks like you Rudy.

"Gimme that!" screamed Ryker.

The apparent age of the picture had not been picked up in Frankie's quick scrutiny, but Ryker instantly recognized it as the one taken in Von Bulow's Camera Shop fifteen years ago. Was he going mad? Unconsciously he took off his jacket and rolling it up, placed it un-

der the head of this man.

Next he turned to Frankie.

"Find his I.D. card you grinning buffoon. That's an order." Without hesitation, Frankie searched. He found it in a cellophane casing held around the soldier's neck by a string. Trembling, Ryker read it.

Imperial German High Command

lists one

Hans Kleinschmidt, Pvt.

Date of Birth: July 31, 1917

On the back was his description. It left little doubt. Frantically Rudy whispered in the ear of the German who he was and what he knew about the picture. For a moment that stoical, defiant Nazi look faded from the dying man's face. He smiled and spoke, "I never forgot you, Rudy. You were a true friend. Now you are back. Home . . . home is the soldier." As the German breathed his last, the world outside and the symphony of war seemed only a myth to Ryker.

HE SMILED WHEN FIRST HE WAKED

He smiled when first he waked
From unborn nothingness,
Fawned by his mother's breast,
'Twas naught but love that quaked
Within his infant soul.
Then time unfair did pass
The snows of Spring, Alas,
To dreary black afoul
With stench of earthly tread,
And muck of pagan's words,
To suck the trembling herds
Beneath: His wound had bled.
Where smiles had once been worn,
A dream had now been torn.

by Robert Sinibaldi

What Happens

Ellen Cahill

ONCE, in the deepest part of the African Jungle, lived four young chimpanzees, BINGO, BANGO, BONGO, and IDONWANNA. Bingo, Bango and Bongo were well adjusted little chimps but I'm going to tell you about Idonwanna.

Idonwanna was a handsome fellow, as chimps go, and his I.Q. was very high. As compared with a human three year old, he had an M.A. of 2.11 and his C.A. was only six. He was champion in his part of the jungle of coconut cracking, tree to tree swinging, and banana peeling (his timing on that last event was 1/20 of a second, an unbelievable rate). All in all, he had great potential, the makings of a great chimpanitarian.

Bingo, Bango and Bongo liked IDONWANNA, but he never seemed to keep his friends for long. He was constantly changing his membership from group to group he just couldn't get along with the other monkeys. He was so richly endowed with native ability, and still some of the things he did astounded the concerned three. They had seen him cheating, heard him tell fibs, and when he had extra coconuts he wouldn't share them; he'd hide them from chimps who liked him and wanted to be his friends. Do you know? Sometimes he took things that didn't belong to him. In short, Idonwanna was just downright selfish. And if you could have looked into his warped mind you would have seen that his philosophy of life had been built upon something he had heard in his formative years. A wicked Spider-Monkey, named Adolf, had said to him when he was very young, that "SUCCESS IS THE SOLE EARTHLY JUDGE OF RIGHT AND WRONG."

He had forgotten, you see, that an even wiser monk had said, "YOU CAN'T FOOL ALL THE MONKEYS ALL OF THE TIME." He thought only of material success.

Idonwanna had covered up his pranks with quick excuses and evasive quips that he was able to think up at a tail-wags-notice. He had been successful because he had never let anyone get to know him well. He thought that he could do without friendship, and he trusted no one.

But one day the inevitable happened Idonwanna fell in love with the loveliest chimpaness in the whole



jungle..... and what's more, she loved him. He became a very happy chimp, but still his friends could not prevail upon him to stop being mean and to leave his pranks for more profitable, and more charitable enterprising. He spent all of his time with his new found love, and she was convinced that he was the finest chimp in the world.

Idonwanna was saddened one day by an unbearable thought. He had not yet learned to trust and he became obsessed with the idea that his only love might leave him and never return.

One night, while the rest of the jungle slept, our hero flew through the trees to where the object of his affection lived. He worked with elephant-like energy and strength and at dawn he stole away and went home to rest. When his love awoke she found an in-

surmountable fence about her. It must have reached fifteen feet into the ground; she saw no means of escape, because Idonwanna had made a fool-proof prison, with no means of entering or leaving.

When this poor little creature realized that the foolish scheme, in-

vented by the person she loved so well, was a result of mistrust, her little heart broke into a hundred pieces.

You see, sometimes the complexities of life perplex even chimpanzees sometimes they're too much like people.

HAIL TO A ROSE

Hail to the Rose
Of beauty fair,
Hail to her fragrance,
So sweet the air.
Hail to her complexion,
So pure and bright,
Hail to her richness,
So clear the light.
Hail to her petals,
So tender and soft,
Hail to her vines,
That twine aloft.
Hail to her smile,
So broad and bright,
Hail to her pride,
So straight and right.
Hail to her purpose,
Two loves and she,
Hail to the Queen,
Long may her reign be.

by Al Forest

THE FLIGHT

A million places in this world
Where you and I could flee;
We could run on toward the Sun,
Our love would then be free,
Where no one knows that we have fled
From that which deadens love;
All golden life would leap ahead.

But we will stay, you and I,
For days, and months, and years,
Till all our loves, and laughs, and joys
Are turned to habits, hates, and fears.
Till I'm a worn-out dishrag and you're a wooden hoe.

by Joan Mullen

Tornado

Patricia Hogan

High Street, in Worcester, Massachusetts, on the afternoon of June 22, 1953, was in a chaotic state. On the left hand side of the hay strewn street, which was blocked by uprooted trees and toppled utility poles, all that remained was the wreckage of a barn. Two motors, standing where the milk room used to be, were the only visible things still in one piece. All that remained of the hen houses behind the barn were small pieces of split wood. No trace of the tar paper that covered their roofs nor the wire that made up their walls was left. Dead chickens cluttered the ground where the wind had dropped them. A mare, bleeding from gashes all over her body, stood looking lost and frightened, and a few feet away lay a cow which had been decapitated. A wire fence that formerly had separated pastures had now become a stopping point for a wide assortment of articles: pieces of red drapes, a brown high heel, a baby's carriage, portions of a lace tablecloth, and a white glove.

On the right side of the road were the remains of a house. The front wall

was cleanly sheared off as though by a giant scythe. The structure was open to the sky, for the roof was floating in a pond a half-mile away, still in one piece except for a few missing slates. Also floating in the pond near the roof was a bathtub complete with soap.

The three gaping walls of the house stood at crazy angles. Electric wiring hung from the partitions, and the plumbing clawed its way out from the floors. The bedroom was an undistinguishable mass of debris. An old-fashioned brass bed had been tossed across the road like a frail toy. A love seat sitting in the front yard amidst a mountain of wood, bricks, silverware, water pipes, and jewelry, was holding a radiator.

Two giant maples had been uprooted like matches by the demoniac wind leaving two small craters where they once proudly stood. Two shirts were snagged in a leafless tree whose bark had been scaled off.

Underneath the tree, covered by a gray rug, were three lifeless forms. One pair of feet, covered with blood and twisted unnaturally, stuck out from beneath the rug giving mute testimony of the tornado.

I DARE NOT GO

Oh, how I wish that I could be
Up on the hill where we did see
The trains aglow and full of light
Go rushing off into the night.
Or once where we did watch by day
A distant farmer raking hay.
How often did we see the wind
On its eastward journey, send
A swirling heap of cornhusks high
Up into the autumn sky;
But the friend with whom I dreamed and planned
Has left this for another land.
I dare not go alone for fear
That joyous memories will bring a tear.

by Frances Fantini

Don't Know Why

Constance Zing

Galoshes flopping, umbrella in hand, coat buttoned with collar turned up and head bare, the hunched man crossed the intersection diagonally while the cars swerved past him in the streaming sunshine.

I stood on the corner he was approaching and eyed him curiously. He passed the bus stop and as he did he said hello to the brunette standing near me. She returned his greeting and smiled pleasantly; then her gaze met mine and at once she noticed the wonder in my eyes.

"Does he fascinate you?"

"To be sure," I replied. "You know him?"

"Yes, I've lived here all my life and in a small town like this it is hard not to know all the folks. Obviously you don't belong here and are just passing through. I'm going in to the city myself. The bus should be along in about twenty minutes."

She was right in her surmise. I'm a traveling salesman and was in the town for the morning only. Unfortunately my car needed a new fuel pump and I was forced to use the buses that day.

"Could you tell me anything about your acquaintance?" He had entered the book store two doors down.

"Seeing that we must wait here, I think I could. He moved here some years ago to teach literature at the high school. At once he became quite active in the town by joining the church group, literary club, and being such a common street walker. At the time he was about thirty-five years old."

"Married?"

"Oh, yes, his wife is a lovely little old lady whom everyone loves and would like for a grandmother. She is smaller

than he and has all white hair now. Of course when they first arrived, she too, became a well known figure. She was in the sewing club, bridge group, and the couple was often seen at the country club. They live in a little white cottage covered with ivy at the end of Maple Street.

"They both work around their house all day now. Since he retired, they are supported by his pension and extra help comes from the townsfolk when repairs are needed. During the summer months, they work in the garden and often when folks pass he'll offer them a petal from a flower or a leaf. Sometimes she plants the seeds and he digs each one up and places it elsewhere. Actually they never know where the flowers will come up and rarely do they know what kind they have planted.

"In the winter he clears the walks, feeds the birds, and tends the fire. She bakes, sews, and tends some plants indoors. Unfortunately they have no children to visit them and care for them; but, they attend clubs, church and socials together. They are both lovable people and lead a serene life.

"Of course they have their exciting moments. At least once a week during the winter the small engine has to go over and tend the furnace. He seems to forget about it and often it blows off.

"In the summer it's the water department that sends a man over once in a while. Somehow he gets confused, trying to set up the sprinkling system to water the garden.

"Each fall a group of men help him clear the yard and burn the leaves. It's easier that way than letting him forget he set a fire.

"In the spring he opens the house completely to all living things. Birds, squirrels, and all types of animals roam

freely through the house. The children are fascinated.

"Thunder showers do cause a little commotion. Invariably he forgets to close the windows and when the power goes off, neighbors must take candles over."

I took off my jacket and folded it over my arm. It was a beautiful day and the sun was getting warmer with each passing hour.

"Do go on." I was becoming quite interested in the town's favorite couple.

"Actually there isn't much more to tell. When he shops at the center, he always calls home to find out what to get. If he has started out with a note, it has become misplaced before he reaches the store.

"But the town loves them. Any time someone stops in during the afternoon, they stay for the sherry hour and are treated royally. Children drop in often to enjoy milk and cookies. They belong to all of us."

"How does his wife manage to stand him constantly like that?"

Before she had time to reply the topic of our conversation came out of the

bookstore still carrying his umbrella, but also holding a book. When he saw my new acquaintance, he stopped.

"How are you? I've come down to get a new novel - - 'It Always Rains.' I must be careful I don't catch cold."

My lady friend smiled pleasantly and agreed with him.

As he moved off toward the corner under the hot sun, a little white-haired woman moved toward him diagonally across the intersection. She wore a trench coat and carried something in her hand. I heard her clear, warm voice and understood.

"Dear, you forgot your rain hat."



ALL MY VERY OWN

All my very own
Acquired since I've grown,
All my loves, so many ways,
Within me, lighted by the rays;
All that once I treasured
With a greed unmeasured;
I now have sealed.
All that once was me;
With anxious heart and trembling hand
Kneeling — wait, and listen for but one command,
"Love, love, my love is but for thee!"
And now poor, freed soul, thou art revealed.

by Robert Sinibaldi



The Mending

Arlene Creeden

Oblivious to the surrounding people and noise, her mind whirling with jumbled thoughts, Karen stared at the red dress. The noise and jumble of this New Year's Eve party swirled around her, but the sight of that red dress had turned Karen's mind back to another New Year's Eve party and another girl in red.

"How could he have been that cruel?" she thought. "I can't understand it. Jim has never been that type. I wonder if he ever realized how he hurt me. I don't know what came over him, but that was too much for any wife to accept."

As Jim was still in law school and babysitters were expensive, Karen and he did not get out very much. A New Year's Eve party, however, was special; it was worth a few weeks of scrimping. This was the first time that the whole family had gotten together for a party, and Karen had been planning on it for weeks. She couldn't afford a new dress, but after all, with your own family a new dress wasn't too important.

By the time they arrived at the hall, the party was already in full swing; everybody was laughing and talking, and a few couples were dancing. As she greeted her brother and his wife, Karen glanced around the room to see who else was there. Most of the people were

friends or relatives, but there were a few strangers. She had never seen that brunette in the red dress; the one that seemed to have a monopoly on most of the males.

"She is lovely," thought Karen. "With her coloring, that dress is perfect." She and Jim sat down at one of the tables with Jean and Frank. They talked and had a few drinks, then Karen got up to dance. She went from partner to partner, having a wonderful time. This was the first time since she had been married that she had really danced. As she whirled around the floor with her brother, Karen glanced over at the girl with the red dress.

"Why that's Jim over there! Those drinks must have given him courage. He can't put one foot in front of the other. Look at the oaf! He's stepping all over her feet. I hope that isn't her last pair of nylons. Gee, I'm glad that he's enjoying himself. Now I won't have to feel guilty because I'm dancing while he's sitting at some table trying to make idle conversation."

Karen and her brother laughed as they watched Jim's awkward attempt at waltzing; then they moved on. Karen passed the incident off lightly; it had been a long time since she and Jim had really relaxed. As the night passed on however, she saw Jim only from a distance, and always with that girl in red. This bothered her, but, because she was having a good time, it didn't hurt. The hurt came later.

About eleven o'clock, when the band-leader announced that dinner was being served downstairs, Karen excused herself, left her dancing partner, and started across the floor towards Jim. Halfway across she stopped, as she saw Jim slip the brunette's arm under his and start for the stairs.

"He's so wrapped up in that woman that he didn't even see me. He isn't even thinking of me. I wonder if he thinks that I've conveniently drunk my-

self under the table like her husband did. Oh, the big oaf! He would have to make a spectacle of himself in front of my family. I could kick him."

The rest of the evening had seemed like an eternity to Karen. She winced as she remembered how she sat beside Jim at the table, listening to his conversation with that brunette, and trying to ignore her sister's sympathetic glances. Her breath came sharply, as she remembered how, when the clock struck midnight, Jim had leaned over and kissed that red-dressed tramp. The memory of that kiss brought only a dull twinge, but that night the pain had been intense.

The weeks following the party were hard on both of them. Jim moped around sheepishly, unable to apologize enough, but Karen was determined in

her convictions. All she had left were her children and her pride; the rest of her life was in a shambles. She knew she couldn't pick up the pieces; she was sure they couldn't be fitted together.

"That was fifteen years ago," thought Karen. "A lot of things have happened since then, but I've never regretted the decision I made. I never will either, because I know I was right. For a while though, I didn't think that I'd be able to do it; but I'm glad I did."

The striking of a clock and a gentle touch on her shoulder interrupted Karens thoughts. She looked up and smiled.

"Happy New Year, Darling," she murmured, as Jim leaned over to kiss her.

REASSURANCE

I remember a brisk winter day in my teens,
When my heart found a sudden delight,
In a field I had known all the days of my life
That had changed to a dream over-night

For an icy-frost fairy had visited there,
And had transformed an everyday hill
To a sprinkling, crinkling, tinkling land
That would give even angels a thrill.

The trees were adorned in an armour of ice
That reflected the rays of the sun,
And the snow-sprinkled shrubs had been clothed all in gowns
That the sprites of the rainbow had spun.

The ground with its blanket of shimmering white
Seemed to echo the blue of the sky;
And I knew, in my heart, a more wonderful sight
I would never behold till I die.

Oh the spring of my teens was a frightening time
When the world seemed confusing and new,
And I'm sure that God gave me that one special day
So I'd know that some dreams do come true.

by Rita James

"Tomorrow"

Eileen Silva

The outstanding characteristic of the great classics is perhaps the knowledge that we can turn to them and find in their themes, the same problems and fears which face us today. Our world is one of many fears and many problems. We live in an age where power is a god and men sell their souls to become slaves of this god.

But such men and such a god are not unique to our times as we well know. This craving of power has existed as far back as man has inhabited the earth and it perhaps will not die until man himself is dead. But why do men let such a thing take possession of them when they must know that in the end their god will betray them?

We can turn back in the pages of literature, and find in Shakespeare's writing, such a man. His name was Macbeth, but it could have been Hitler, or Mussolini, or Stalin, or any one of hundreds of others possessed with the same desires and doomed to the same end. In Shakespeare's Macbeth we can look into the mind of such a man and see the consequences of a life devoted to the acquisition of power no matter what obstacles stand in the way.

Macbeth's greatest fault was his overpowering ambition. If it had not been for his wife, however, this ambition might have been held in check, partly because Macbeth was afraid of the consequences of being found out and partly because his sense of decency had not yet deserted him. His wife's urgings were strong enough to override these scruples and Macbeth let himself be driven on to murder to gain the throne. Once there, Macbeth learned what every man with ill-gotten power must learn. He learned the feelings of insecurity, mistrust and suspicion. Once on the throne, he was led from one murder to another

to keep himself secure. His crimes in turn led to discontent and suspicion among his people and eventually they led to his own self-destruction. His wife, too, paid for her part in his crimes; she lost her mind, and in the end, took her own life.

Macbeth's greatest punishment was not his death at the hands of revenge-filled Macduff. Death would probably have been a relief to him if it had not been for the consequences in the next world. His greatest punishment was the mental torture which he went through; the pang of his guilty conscience was sharper than Macduff's sword.

This guilty conscience led to his undoing. After the murder of Banquo, he fancied seeing his ghost sitting at the banquet table, bloody and triumphant. His outbursts of fear and rage confirmed the suspicions of his court that he had not received the crown fairly. Now began the great decline in his character, the realization that he had not gained anything by his crimes, but rather had lost all self-respect.

He may have even wanted to turn back now.....to repent.....but it was too late. Like a madman, now, he ordered the murder of innocent women and children to get revenge on the escaped Macduff and satisfaction for his own warped mind. Yet all efforts to make himself secure were futile.

Now he felt the weight of his guilt. He could not sleep nor eat a meal at peace. He had lost all friends and respect and was left with nothing in his old age. His crimes had in the end caught up with him.

Perhaps in the minds of today's tyrants a similar degeneration takes place. Perhaps they too are holding on tenaciously to a power that will eventually destroy them as it did Macbeth. For conscience is a mysterious thing that behaves in a mysterious way and perhaps, tomorrow.....

Preparation

Ellen Cahill

This document will (should I be in luck) be enjoyed as a SCIENCE FICTION story but in truth, it is not fiction.

I am a man preparing myself for the future. I am depending upon the fact that a man with his free will can change the destiny of men.

It was 1955, at Christmas time. I was spending the holidays with my sister and her family in a quaint New England town, collecting material for my new novel.

We were in church when IT happened It seemed like a terrific gale, a gust of wind shaped like a mammoth whirlpool everything in the vicinity was destroyed beyond recognition. I must have traveled through some interdimensional freak of nature and I found myself standing in the very spot, almost automatically continuing with the prayer that the minister had begun before IT happened.

Suddenly, as if "they" had seen me through some psychic insight, I was surrounded by a fantastic group of human beings. Their bodies were small, bony and looked as though physical development had been rushed they had bodies decrepit and old looking. Their heads, on the other hand, were large and looked almost cumbersome. The frontal lobe protruded and their eyes were set into sockets that were deep enough to hide them.

They spoke not, but they contacted me through a sort of transfer of ideas. I understood them perfectly, because they did not use symbols they used telepathy. I received pure thoughts, directly from their minds.

They were disturbed by something more than a man, strange looking, in ancient dress (they wore some sort of

tunic affair very functional). I was a curiosity to be sure, but they were interested only secondarily in me.

I was led away by these creatures . . . there was no force, they seemed not to know what force was they were just docil men intelligent, even superhuman in their knowledge of science but they possessed no individuality.

I was taken to the most fabulous city ever imagined everything was perfect. Cars ran by remote control, there were no accidents. It rained only when man desired. Industry was directed by remote control robots and the creatures "told" me that everything in the world was controlled remotely BY ONE MAN.

The rest of my story is tragic.

You might have guessed by now that I have been a space traveler. I was a witness to events taking place in the year 3002 No, of course you can't believe.

One great genius had led the human race to perfection. He had made earth disease free, work free and free from the challenges that make MEN. He was sincere, he wanted to end suffering and he had succeeded in making men scientific automatons.

They took me to this man. He lived apart from the others, because he was not like them. He was a poor degenerate man, a failure and he was not able to see that it was because he was tyranny personified.

We talked long He told me that he had again returned to the belief in God that he had strained from the creatures of the world.

I was horrified and shocked when, at the end of our interview, he showed me a tiny trigger IT WAS TO SET OFF AN EXPLOSION THAT WOULD DESTROY THE ENTIRE PLANET. I could say nothing to stop him. Men could improve nothing any

further. They had become stagnant . . .
and he felt it better to destroy all
his folly and his own person too.

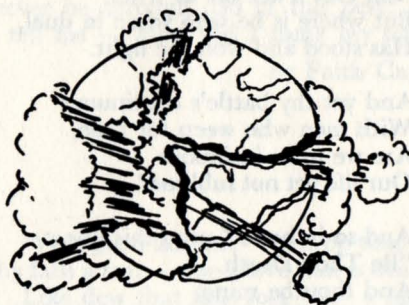
He was sorry that I had to be de-
stroyed he hoped that God would
forgive him.

AND THEN THE WORLD WAS
DEMOLISHED .

I felt as though I were falling thru
a vacuum . . . and I awoke in my own
apartment. I had not belonged to their
time. I survived the explosion.

The time was Christmas 1954.

Can I, one God fearing man, change
what is to be????



HIS WAY

The moon is so mournful
in the darkening sky.
The stars are all watching
as I walk slowly by.
The trees are so quiet
they move not a leaf.
The night is in mourning —
and I'm lost in my grief.

The leaves all awaken
and stir on the trees.
I enter a chapel
and fall to my knees.
The sunlight shines bright
on the world at noon—
There's peace in my soul
and balm in my wound.

So be it with you
When your heart may be sad,
Walk into a chapel
where peace can be had.
And the peace that you find
will thrill in your breast.
He knows what is right —
His way is the best.

by Doris Donovan

DEATH — DO THOU O'ER TAKE ME

Death — do thou o'ertake me,
When my reign is thru.
Ne'er let my thoughts forsake thee,
As fearless youth's oft do.

For many are they who o'erruled,
And cast Thee off as trite.
But where is he who when in duel,
Has stood and won the fight.

And yet thy battle's continuous
With men who weep for time,
Are we to be insinuous
Our life yet not sublime?

And so in hope I pray this line:
"Be Thou Death,
And thou be mine,
For truly Thou art, Death."

by Robert Sinibaldi

LOVE WHERE ART THOU

Love, where art thou, if thou art?
Is it not in courtiers young
And daily pledged, by part by part
Legally the bed to share?
Art thou not which fills the heart
To live in her, to live in him—eternally?
This love; this enigma!
I have lived and have watched
And wonder at its — eternity.

by Robert Sinibaldi

BE THERE NONE TO LOVE NOT LIFE

Be there none to love not life
For despair and joy are but the same.
Let emotions tempt not conscience,
And the soul remain an infant.
Know life, remember God,
Then birth and death will be the same.

by Robert Sinibaldi

INERTIA

I cannot move, I cannot budge,
I cannot curse, nor hold a grudge.
My mind is blank, my grip is slack,
I can't go forward, I can't go back.
When will it come, how will it end,
Why must I cower, cringe, and bend?
Will I never be through, rid of this pest;
How — tell me — How did I flunk my science test?

by Faith Carrow

TEARS

What good is a tear — a drop that is shed,
Why falls a tear — for a love that is dead.
Like dew that falls soft — to a million blue streams
Tears falling quickly for some broken dream.
Yes, many reasons — yes, many cares
To ease some heart — the heart that dares.

by Faith Carrow

THE SILENT PLEA

Some people have a rare command of words —
Like you. Your thoughts take wing like singing birds
That soar to heaven's height, but ever keep
The earth in sight. How often did I weep?
How often laugh? Have I not gone with you
To lands that were enchanted, even though
Familiar to me as the first bright snow
That falls — familiar, for you made it so?
Earthbound, I watch with lifted, longing eyes
Your singing, arrowed flight through thought's vast skies.
My birds, poor things, must vainly beat their wings
Against impris'ning bars; they do not sing.
Thus has it always been. And now I too
Know fear: because I cannot follow you
In flights of fancy, must I one day find
That you have fled, and left me behind?

If you should leave me, I will lose the key
To raise the bars and set my song-birds free.

by Margaret Doyle

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